

ALICE E. SAUER: REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN VIRGINIA CITY AND WASHOE VALLEY, NEVADA

Interviewee: Alice E. Sauer

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Description

Alice Edmunds Sauer, a native Nevadan and member of a pioneer western family, was born in 1877. Mrs. Sauer's parents lived and worked in Virginia City, her father as a mining engineer, her mother as a schoolteacher. She remembers a number of events of the post-boom days on the Comstock, and recounts them with obvious relish.

The memoir includes her reminiscences of childhood life in Virginia City, Nevada, an account of student days at the University of Nevada at Reno, her subsequent teaching career in Nevada and Montana schools, and biographical sketches of her children.

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AND WASHOE VALLEY, NEVADA**

An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

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While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

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In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Alice Edmunds Sauer is a member of a pioneer western family, a native of Nevada, born in 1877. Mrs. Sauer's parents lived and worked in Virginia City, the father as a mining engineer, the mother as a schoolteacher. Mrs. Sauer remembered a number of events of the post-boom days on the Comstock, and told them with obvious relish.

Mrs. Sauer's interest in the recording of her husband's memoirs, and her own potential contribution led to an invitation to record her story concurrently with the recording of his. There were two taping sessions at the Sauer ranch home, May 4 and 26, 1966. The Sauers' daughter, Mrs. Myra Ratay, was present on both occasions to encourage her mother's recall.

The memoir recorded by Alice Sauer includes her reminiscences of childhood life in Virginia City, Nevada, an account of student days at the University of Nevada at Reno and her subsequent teaching career in Nevada and Montana schools, and biographical sketches of her children.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library (formerly in the DRI Western Studies Center) attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape-recording the reminiscences of people who have played prominent roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the recordings are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University of Nevada Libraries. Mrs. Sauer's oral history is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1969

EARLY DAYS IN VIRGINIA CITY

My mother's father was a Unitarian minister. My mother attended Green Mountain Academy, Woodstock, Vermont, in 1868. I don't know when she was born, but I do know she attended this school because she had a book given by the principal of this academy for excellence in English. So I knew that in 1868, she attended this academy. The minister was married twice, had two daughters by the first marriage. Then afterwards he married my grandmother. Their name was Barron, that was Grandpa's name, Isaac T. Barron, the minister. They had six children, I think, two with the first marriage and four with the second marriage. One of the boys, I believe, fought in the Civil War; his name was also Isaac T. Barron. That was Uncle Ike, you see, my uncle.

Both my grandfather and grandmother were born in New Hampshire, and my father and mother, too. Isaac T. Barron, the grandfather, named his son Isaac T. Barron, and we found an Isaac T. Barron had fought at Lexington and Concord. I suppose it was the same, because "Isaac T." doesn't sound like

a very common name. We never hunted it up much. Mother had two sisters —half sisters these were—Emroy and Josephine. Jo never married, but Emroy married a lawyer and he was state senator and was quite prominent there when he died. His name was Shirley. He left two sons and they visited us out here. We were provoked with them; they were so bitter against the South, I'd almost have joined the rebel forces because they were so bitter about it!

Mother [Gertrude Barron] went to Canada with a French family to learn French, while she was in the academy. You know, young ladies didn't go to college then. They just had seminaries and academies and private schools that girls went to.

Father, Frank Edmunds, lived in East Andover, and Mother lived in Andover. They never met, though, until they met out in Virginia City. Isn't that strange; both born in New Hampshire.

My mother came to teach school here. Papa was a young fellow, and friends of his were coming out, so he just joined the party

and came. I suppose he was nineteen—a young kid, anyway. Then they met out here.

Mother taught in Six Mile Canyon down in Virginia City for a year, and then she taught in Virginia City school for a year, and then married. Papa first went prospecting with a man up in Montana when he first came here. Then he had pneumonia and nearly died, and his partner saved him. So they gave up prospecting and went to Virginia City.

Papa had studied law and newspaper work and lots of other things. He was intellectual, rather than mechanical, you know, but it was a good place for mechanical engineering in Virginia City. So he was a mining engineer. That is, he ran the hoist engine.

I can remember those great, big wheels, as high as a room. He would pull the levers and put the men down the mine along with all the provisions and tools. He always told the joke about one of the men wanting to go down into the mine. He was standing on the cage and he says, "Hoist me down, Frank, hoist me down."

I want to tell about the murder. Father was in the mine when that murder occurred. One of the miners down, oh, I suppose at the eight hundred-foot level, murdered the man. They had been fighting, I suppose, more or less. The man wouldn't eat the lunch of the other man that he murdered because it had meat in it and it was Friday. He couldn't eat meat, but he could murder the man!

Papa said he was excited—he wasn't excitable—about this murder down in his mine. The bell would ring, one for stop, two for hoist, and three for this, and that; and he heard one bell after another. Just got him so excited, you know, and he didn't know what had gone on. You couldn't talk; there was no telephone or anything. So finally they brought up the cage to go down and get the murdered man.

It was a great time. The Catholics stood up for the murderer, you see. The priest would come and interview the witnesses, try to make them change their testimony. One lady whom we afterward knew very well in Butte, Montana, said that they came after her brother in the middle of the night to try to make him change his testimony. He didn't change it, but he afterward lost his mind. He was put in an asylum in California.

He was convicted, and after that, the widow would come up every time this man pleaded to get out of the penitentiary. He pleaded to get out of the penitentiary and this widow would come up and testify against him. It was a fight for quite a long while in the Nevada courts. Finally, the murderer himself died of TB in the penitentiary.

I was about six years old, in the 1880's. I might have been older than that. It was terribly exciting, because my father was quite worked up about it. He was a witness in the trial about what happened as far as he knew from the surface. It was really quite a case in the state.

We used to go down to the mine Sunday afternoon. Papa was on the afternoon shift. There were three shifts; the morning from eight 'til three, and the afternoon shift would be from three 'til eleven. We would go down and take Papa his lunch on Sunday, and have a nice visit there. He was not busy all the time and the bells wouldn't ring continually, so we walked down to the mine to visit with Papa. He worked in several mines that way in Virginia City.

Mother was just a housewife, of course, after she married. They had three girls. Mama and Papa were very strict with us! I think we enjoyed life as kids as much as they do now, but we didn't do the things they do now. Mother taught us to sew and knit and crochet, and anything that we ought to know. I have

one thing that I did and I never finished with it because we couldn't get the material here.

I did drawn work and Mexican work, and during vacation time, one duty was to make a crocheted petticoat that had to be worn in winter. We all three of us crocheted these petticoats and wore the long underwear clear down to our ankles in winter. Mother had us put heavy stockings over it. It was quite cold in Virginia City in the winter, very cold, and I can remember big drifts of snow.

At school there was a girl, Alice Trembath, who was a competitor of mine. I would be the head of the class, and then she would be the head. Then I would be absent or something would happen. We were neck and neck.

One time, I had to go to the school to get my diploma or a book or something. I went to the school and they were having teachers' examinations. Judge C. E. Mack insisted that I take those examinations. I said, "Well, I can't. I haven't had Civil Government, and I haven't had this, and I haven't had that."

He said, "You take it anyway." So I took it. He insisted; he wouldn't let me away. I took it and got a second grade teacher's certificate. I was a kid, and hadn't been in high school yet. Judge Mack always flattered me so about that.

On the Fourth of July, they would have the biggest celebrations. They would have the Knights of Pythias and all the fire department in uniform and they would have wonderful parades. The whole town would just help out. The folks used to dress up and go down to the parade. It would be boiling hot, you know, about the Fourth of July. Really, they did put on some fine parades. They had quite a number. Virginia City was quite a place for societies. They would have these men with big plumes, Knights of Pythias or Good Templars. They had everything, every man in dress parade, and a band and everything was wonderful.

The men seemed to be very enthusiastic up in Virginia City, more so than you see in other places. It was kind of more elemental, and so everyone would enter in; it was just lovely.

I can remember as children, we would be so excited. We had a porch that was up high. We had an upstairs and a downstairs. We would sit on the porch and see the fireworks. Nowadays you see colored lights every time you go downtown. These were wonderful fireworks. Mother let us stay up and watch. We would be so tired from the parade and everything, but we would stay up and see the fireworks. They used to believe in celebrations in those days. Nowadays, people get into their car and go some place, you know. In those days, that was the main thing and everybody—those that were taking part and those that were just looking—just enjoyed it.

The foreigners didn't have any special celebrations. They had what they called the Caledonia picnic. That would be a Scotch picnic. We didn't go to picnics an awful lot because they were tiresome, and Papa would have to carry the youngest girl half the way. We would go to a picnic maybe once a year, but there were many picnics at that time. Caledonia, I remember.

And then they had the miners' picnics. That was when they would come down to Bowers or go to Woodfords, or one of the other places. They used to go to what they called McEwen's ranch in Washoe Valley. There was a picnic, and the V & T would run special trains for the picnic. They would have flat cars and put benches along and we would sit on the benches. They would have a few coaches. We didn't care about sitting in the coaches—that wasn't much—but you would sit on these side benches, and the train would go, and we would be blown pretty nearly to

pieces. We just loved it, but we didn't go much; about once a year Papa would take us.

The picnics, I think, were really something in those days. Each society had its own picnic, you know. We didn't go too much.

I remember one time my father and mother drove by horse and buggy from Virginia City to Carson City. My older sister Marion was twelve and I was ten. While they were gone—they spent Sunday—we had a long hall in our house and Marion used to tease us by chasing us through that hall. She was chasing me and there was a glass door at the end and I went straight through that door with my hand. They bound it up and stopped the flow of blood. Mother and Father were pretty mad when they got home, because they had told Marion to quit chasing us in that hall.

I don't remember anything in particular about the water problems in Virginia City. The water was in the school districts and the outlying districts, I don't remember that we had any trouble with that. We didn't have any trouble getting enough water for washing or fighting fires. We didn't have many gardens or lawns or anything. I don't remember any lack of water.

There were a few special town characters in Virginia City that everyone knew about. There was a German fellow that was a friend of Papa's whose name was Gott Heist. Papa used to visit him at least once a month and spend the evening with him and talk and talk and talk. I suppose he was a Democrat like Papa, and anyway, they used to visit quite a lot. He was a very smart man. I can remember the name Gott Heist, and he was well thought of there in Virginia City.

There was a woman of the town. I can remember her. She was a beautiful dresser and we knew she was a "bad" woman; we knew as kids, you know. We would see her on the street with a purple satin dress and a big

hat with a plume and we thought she looked just gorgeous, but we knew she was "bad." D Street was a bad part of town that we weren't allowed to go to or think of walking along D Street. But we didn't know what it was all about or anything; we were just told not to go on D Street, so we didn't.

I remember a woman who was a dressmaker, kind of a friend of ours. She used to sew for them. She said she liked to sew for them because they were so extravagant. They would get anything she told them to get for the dress or pay any price for it. She said they were very nice to work for, to sew for. That is all I remember about them.

Ella Geiger was one of my teachers and I think her father had something to do with Geiger Grade, or it might have been her grandfather. Ella Geiger lived out there. We were at the First Ward School, which was way out at the north end near Geiger Grade, you know. She was real nice. She afterwards married Judge Mark Averill. He was the principal when she taught, and then he studied law. Then we moved from the First Ward to the Fourth Ward, and attended the big, famous Fourth Ward School. I remember Ella Geiger real well. She wasn't much of a teacher; she was clean and sweet and nice, you know, but I don't think she was much of a teacher.

The stores in Virginia City. There was a men's furnishing store which was very nice. I have forgotten who owned that. The McGerns owned the grocery store. They weren't full of a lot of things like they are now. The grocery store was strictly groceries. You didn't get anything else; no perfume or soap powder or things like that. It was strictly a food store. We had one store—I don't know the name of that—where we used to run a bill. Every month, Papa would go pay it, and the man used to give him a bag of candy when he paid his bill, a bag of candy for us, for the girls.

We lived on A Street; down below us on B Street was this Chinese laundry. He would get friendly with us; he would be out hanging up clothes and stuff and talk to us across the fence, you know. We liked that Chinese. He used to give us handkerchiefs until Mama found out about it and then she put a stop to it, because they were giving away the handkerchiefs that came in the laundry. They were real friendly, the Chinese, and some boarded so many of the miners and they had a laundry, too. They had the restaurants and laundry. I think that my mother never did a lot of laundry, and yet she didn't have one of these washers like they have now days. She must have used the Chinese laundry. It didn't smell so good sometimes. The laundry would have that Chinese smell, you know. We would see that Chinaman (we could look down) spitting the water onto the things as he ironed them. You know, they would take a mouth full of water and it would spray the laundry and they would iron it. I guess it was all right because it was ironed with a hot iron, probably disinfecting it.

I guess the children tormented them, maybe; that I didn't know about. They may have thrown sticks at them and pulled their long queues, you know. I just laugh every time I think of the Chinaman giving us the nice handkerchiefs!

We used to play croquet far into the night. Probably not after nine o'clock. We would tie candles on top of the wickets to finish the game. It wouldn't do to let anybody get ahead. All summer long we played croquet; we just had a lovely time. We went to a few parties. We went to the Episcopal Sunday School.

I can remember that Christmas, they would have this tall Christmas tree, and we would march up from the basement singing as loud as we could. It seemed like the tallest tree in the world, that Christmas tree. I suppose

I wasn't much of a judge of trees, living in Virginia City! We had the church parties for social fun.

My Sunday school teacher was Mrs. Deal. Her husband, W. E. F. Deal, was a big lawyer in Virginia City. She was a very fine lady and she used to give little parties up at her house for us. It was there that I learned the books of the Bible, and I can say them yet: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, right on through the whole Bible. It is funny how those stuck in my memory. I can just rattle them off like a multiplication table.

One time we took a trip to Florida. We had a great time. Of course, we had never been any place before, and when we got to Florida, my father was cutting down trees, making things, running a sawmill and all. We would climb up in the branches of the trees with an old purse and pretend we were traveling like we did before. We would bounce up and down on the limbs and we were having a big time. But the Florida venture failed. The frost came and killed everything, so in two years we came back to Virginia City. Mother had taught us a little at home in Florida, so we were both in first grade for just a little while and then skipped a grade. So our education went on just the same.

My teachers. They were Lizzie Niles and Eva Slingerland and Lizzie Beck (afterward a judge's wife; I can't think of her name), Maggie Long. Mr. Witherspoon was the principal of the school. They were very good. They knew their business.

My life was miserable for two or three years because a boy would follow us after school and yell at us and he would whistle and we would bounce. You couldn't help bouncing; he would whistle. Then I made a mistake in class of giving a transitive verb, saying, "Amy made the dress." Well, then they embroidered that and used to yell it to us after

school. It went thus: "Amy made the dress, Alice put the trimming on, and Marion wore it." They would tease us so. I used to stay in, and I used to beg the teacher to keep him in or something, just to quit annoying me. He kept this up for a year or two. He afterward became a big banker in Los Angeles. He is dead. His name was Victor Rosetti. I will never forget him.

Our sewing club. The William E. Sharons lived a few months in the summertime in a house down on B Street (we were on A Street) just kitty-corner from us. Mr. Sharon had an old pensioner by the name of Mrs. Harlow. She wanted to do something to earn a little money, so they got up a sewing class for her. We were in it, the two younger girls, and the Hampton girls, Ida and Grace—they were quite high up in society—and the Deal girl, Janet Deal. We used to meet once a week, I think, a Saturday afternoon. We learned to sew; we made samplers, a regular old-style sampler that the New England people used to make. You would learn first to hem and then to stitch like a sewing machine, just as perfect as could be, and all kinds of sewing. There were two Sharon girls, Florence and Blanche; one was very light and the other very dark. That class kept up for the summer, one summer.

The Opera House. We lived behind Piper's Opera House, the famous opera house. My mother and father would go to the fine operas or anything that came that was really good, you know. We girls, after they left, would go down behind the opera house and peek through peek-holes that we all had and see the show from the back of the stage. Then when it was over, we would run right home and jump right into bed and get there, you see, before Mother and Father. They went around the front. So we did that quite a lot. I was too young to remember any one that I saw there.

Mother and Father always went to the best shows there were. I have heard them tell about people throwing twenty-dollar gold pieces on the stage, things like that. I think my parents mentioned Patti. I have forgotten—they used to go to all the shows.

Then we youngsters, on Decoration Day, would dress up and go down to see the parade. After the parade, there would be speaking at the Opera House. Of course, we youngsters were all thrilled because we could get into the boxes, where the elite ordinarily sat; and we would go sit in the boxes, us girls. It was a great thrill to sit in the boxes for that stupid talking that they put on after the parade. I don't remember any particular person I heard giving a speech there. We were little youngsters.

Going to Bowers for picnics. We went to picnics. Sometimes it was the McEwen's ranch, sometimes it was Bowers. The train would stop at the lane down there and we would walk up the lane and get to Bowers Mansion. When my husband was young, and his family lived in Washoe, people would go to Bowers for picnics with a carryall, or rockaway, we used to call them. People would ride from Virginia City, too. They would go to picnics at Bowers, but after a while they got to going to McEwens, and after a while to Woodfords. We never went to Tredway's in Carson.

Watching the miners come off shift. The miners would be coming off shift about three o'clock, about the same time that the school children would be going home, and we never were moested or bothered at all. The miners would go by jabbering, with their tin lunch buckets, and it was very quiet and nice.

There is one thing I remember, my father was always a great man to be elected as treasurer of something. He was treasurer of this, that, and another; the Mechanics Union,

and all those things. I guess they knew he wouldn't steal a cent, so he was always put in. One time he was on the day shift, from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon and he had a big lot of money. He didn't want it around the house, and he couldn't get off shift to get to the bank, so he asked me to take the money to the bank. There was something over a thousand dollars, I don't know how much. It seemed an awful lot to me and I was scared to death. But Papa said, "There is nothing to it. I will put it in a bag like a grocery bag, and you just walk in the bank and deposit it." So I did. I suppose everybody looking at me could tell that I was carrying something. That was one experience that impressed itself on me because it was so responsible to deposit that money.

I don't remember that I ever knew any of the miners that worked there very well. We didn't seem to be in that class. When I was young, there were more or less rough people, and you might say foreigners, and Cousin Jacks of every kind. We, just being girls, never associated with them at all.

I can remember one social leader, Dolly McCone. She was a large, big-hearted, lovely person. She was a Catholic, and they would go around and get all kinds of money for their fair and everything. Then when it was over, she would say, "Now, they pitched in and helped us, we will help them." And she would help everyone else. She was so whole-hearted, such a lovely person. She was about the leader of it, I guess. I know they say now that Mrs. Ross Lewers of Washoe Valley used to send flowers to Virginia City.

Dolly McCone had a sister, Betty McCone, and she was very crazy over a doctor that had come to Virginia City. She just chased him wildly and they were finally married. She died in childbirth; a real tragedy. Dolly McCone was in the Catholic parish when Bishop

Manogue was there. The family owned a big foundry out near the Divide, as they called it.

My dad went to Incline. One time the miners were laid off, or something, and so they sent Papa to Incline to run the little donkey engine up there that sent the timber down to Washoe Valley and into Lake Tahoe. The funny thing is that my father wrote to Mother and a mosquito flew out of that letter. It came through the mail, imagine, alive. They knew it was a mosquito, because we didn't have mosquitoes in Virginia City. There wasn't enough moisture, I guess. Here was a mosquito flew right out of that letter. I could remember that.

They wanted my father to run for lieutenant governor on the ticket that Theodore Winters ran on. Papa wouldn't run because he didn't have enough money. He didn't have any money and he wouldn't have people putting up for him. He refused to run. He was a Democrat. He was quite politically inclined. He was a school trustee for several terms up there, and then they said that if the Democrats won, he was to be head of the Mint in Carson. That was when the Mint was being looted, you know, and they thought that Papa could put a stop to that. He didn't run. I don't know if he supported the Silver party. That was later, in the '90's. He was county chairman of the Democratic party and he just worked. He didn't tell about any of the campaigns he helped organize. We were just kids and girls, so we weren't interested.

My father was very good to my mother and he wanted her to have a vacation in summer. One year he made arrangements with May Dunlap Douglass' father, who owned a big restaurant there, for us to board there for a month in summer, the hottest month. So we thought it was grand, we kids, of course. We just loved it for a week or two, and toward the end we just couldn't stand it.

We would have to dress for breakfast and go out and we had nothing to do. We just had a grand time, supposedly, but we got so sick of dining out before it was over.

I remember Mr. Dunlap and Mrs. Dunlap plainly. She had a little baby in her arms. She was a very tall and nice-looking woman and had this little baby. They would always come to the table and ask if we were satisfied, what we would like, and everything. They were very nice to us. So that was Papa's idea to give Mama a vacation. By the time it was over, we were ready to go back to washing the dishes and helping with the cooking.

One time Mother said she would give us a vacation. We could do anything we wanted. We weren't to do any work, no housework of any kind. Well, that was lovely and we just read and read books, you know, until our heads were spinning and we would get sick. So we went back to it after a day or two, doing the regular routine, because we couldn't stand doing nothing but reading until our eyes were bleary.

The fire in the mine. I remember one fire; it wasn't in the mine that Papa was the engineer for, it was in the other mine. Papa's mine was connected with this mine where the fire was, so he was bringing up the miners from the other mine that was on fire. That was a very exhausting and frightening time for my father, because the bells would ring and he wouldn't know what they meant. Three bells might be to lift the cage, or it might be to lower it. If he would lift the cage when it should have been lowered, he might have killed men down there. He didn't know what was going on down in the mine. We said, "Well, what did you do?"

He said, "I waited until the bells cleared so I could tell what they wanted." It was very nerve-racking for him. So I can remember his being quite exhausted. They got the fire

out, some way, I don't know how. We girls weren't supposed to know those things. I can remember Papa's being so terribly tense.

There was a newspaper man from Elko who was a friend of the family, and he used to come every once in a while to visit in Virginia City. He always had dinner with us and then he would stay and tell stories. It was the most exciting time, and we would beg my mother to let us stay up and listen to some stories. They didn't have mystery stories in those days, but he used to tell the biggest stories. We would sit there, just spellbound. Mother would let us stay up until maybe eleven o'clock to listen to him. He had a beautiful voice, mellow and fine. We just loved to hear Mr. W. W. Booher talk. He was with a newspaper in Elko. I don't remember any of the stories that he told us, they were murder stories, but I remember sitting there spellbound. I don't remember any of the newspaper people in Virginia City.

We read a great many books. I can remember being an Episcopalian in Sunday school. Then I read the Dinsmore books, Elsie Dinsmore. We read every Elsie Dinsmore book that came out. She was very religious. I can remember that my mother asked me one Sunday to sew a patch on my father's underclothes. This was Sunday, and it was bad to sew on Sunday. I had great ideas of refusing my mother to sew on Sunday, and tell her that I wouldn't do it. But then I considered what my father would say, "No more Sunday school for you." So I obediently sewed the patches on for Mother. I remember that so well, because it really was a trial for me when I was getting religion to think I had to sew on Sunday! Nowadays, we don't feel that way.

I can remember big drifts of snow in Virginia City as I was a youngster. The wall down the street would be up as high as I was, you know. We shoveled a path, and there would be the big walls high up. There was a

great deal of snow, it seems to me; a great deal more than there has been ever since.

Then there was one woman that worked for Mother. She was a friend of ours and used to eat with us and everything. She was to be married to the engineer on the V & T. The V & T got stuck in the snow the day of the wedding, and he walked from the place where it was stuck, I think it was Franktown or Washoe, or perhaps the Washoe Drift canyon. The train got stuck so he walked from there to Virginia City. He got there just in time to have the wedding the day that it was planned. The used to tease Mary Sullivan that he thought so much of her that he would walk all the way through the drifts of snow. Her married name was Mrs. George Mahan. He was a very fine man.

I can remember one of the school teachers. She taught school in the first grade, and her name was Sophie Genesy. Mother took me one time to the school for something or the other, and the school was just being let out. Miss Genesy said, "Thank goodness! I have got a splitting headache!" You would never know that she had a splitting headache the way she treated those youngsters! She was a wonderful first grade teacher. She was pretty, kind of French-looking. I guess she was French. As a youngster, I thought how lovely she taught the children when she was sick.

I don't think I remember many other foreigners there in Virginia City. The Michelsons, the scientist Albert Michelson, lived next door to where we lived, but that was before we were born. There was a school teacher among the Michelsons, the oldest Michelson girl. They were great friends of my parents, but I never knew them. We weren't born then, I guess. My mother didn't tell us anything interesting about the Michelsons. She and the young lady were chums, that is all I know. I think the lady's name was Josephine Michelson, I'm not sure.

The Cornish miners at Virginia City. I know they called them "Cousin Jacks," because I know Papa used to talk about the "Cousin Jacks." I told about the murder in the mine. He was a Cousin Jack, the one that was murdered. The other one was an Irishman, you see.

The German celebrations. There were several German people especially down at the Six Mile Canyon. I don't think they called it Six Mile Canyon at that time. There was a brewery down there. Later, my husband used to go down to the brewery to deliver produce. There was a fellow whose name I have forgotten that my father was quite friendly with. Papa wasn't a German, but he was very friendly to this man. He was an old German fellow who hardly talked English. There were several German families in Virginia City. They were very well thought of.

I don't know of any German Jews. I don't remember much about Jewish people up there, I don't remember any of them. Michelsons were Jews, though. They didn't seem to have much of a society or organization, or anything like that.

There were a great many societies and lodges and such up there. The men liked that sort of thing. They just loved celebrations, so they would doll up for every parade, you know, and have a picnic or a big time. Then they were very happy and cordial and openhearted. They would always enter into anything that was fun.

There was a family named Flood. They had three boys and Mother had three girls, so we were very chummy. They lived in a double house with us one time. One time, the boys were downstairs chopping some kindling. I made a pie and I took it down to them and had it behind my back and said, "Guess what I have," and the pie slid off onto the floor. We ate it anyway. That was not the same Flood

that was in partnership with Mackay. This Flood that lived in Virginia City, they were great friends of ours.

Once in six weeks, when the men folks seemed to come together, they would go out and play whist at each other's houses. We young folks would pull candy, make candy, or else we would play card games, "Grab" or "Animals," or something like that. We would play the card game and we would have a big night. I remember one time that they were playing whist and we kids were making candy and the candy fell onto the kitchen floor and Mrs. Flood wasn't a bit mad. She just said, "Well, you will have to clean it up." That was all. Then in the winter, the boys would bring their sleds over and we would go coasting. We coasted quite a little on the street that was kind of slanted.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA IN THE 1890S

Going to the University of Nevada. We had to take examinations; we weren't graduates of the Virginia City high school. My sister Marion was, but I wasn't, and my sister Amy was not. We were in the same class and so we had to take entrance examinations at the University. We took them and passed, and then we spent four years. My older sister took a normal course, and she spent two years at the University and graduated. Then she taught school out at Peckham's.

My sister Marion had a horse and buggy and drove back and forth from Reno to teach at Peckham's school. I remember Jim Peckham (he used to be county commissioner) used to tease my sister. He said, "You are the only one that every whipped me and got away with it." He got to giggling, and he giggled, and she couldn't stop him. When she thought she had him stopped, he giggled some more, and so she whipped him. Old man Peckham said, "Good for you; give him some more."

Faculty at the University. There was Professor Henry Thurtell, my favorite professor; he was the mathematics teacher.

There was Professor J. E. Church; he was a life-long friend. He was a wonderful professor. Professor of Latin. He was a driller, he believed in drilling, and when he got through with you, you could say it backwards and forwards. Dr. Church was a wonder. I remember Dr. Church was invited out to our house to dinner one Sunday or Easter, during the war with the Nazis. And Dr. Church said, "If I could do it, I would kill Hitler."

I said, "Why Dr. Church! I never knew a man such as you to say such things."

He said, "It is true. I would." So that was Dr. Church. He was a wonderful friend, too. I have all his cards that he sent to us. At Christmas, he would send these greetings that were so pertinent and so fine.

I must pay tribute to Dr. Church. He was a fine professor, and he was a wonderful friend, too. For all these years, he was very good, because if he taught something, you had it for life, what he taught you. He was the best professor I ever had. Thurtell was a very good professor, too. Dr. Phillips was Physics. He wasn't so good. He didn't explain things

much. And there was Nat Wilson; he was my chemistry teacher. Nat Wilson started the drug store, you know. He was a chemist; he wasn't so good as a professor. He was always a friend, but he never was a professor.

When I went to the University, I used to baby-sit for the Wilsons, Professor N. E. Wilson and his wife. They were raising their family then, and they used to want to go out some evenings, and I would take my books and go study, you see, for the University classes and baby-sit for them.

President Stubbs. Mrs. Stubbs was very nice; she was a lovely person, and Theodora Stubbs—the oldest child—was quite a friend of my sister's. She died young, too. I remember I was in the hospital in San Francisco, and she brought up a whole armful of California poppies to the hospital for me. She had picked them that morning. And there was Beth Stubbs, a very sweet person. She, I think, was kind of balked in her love affair. Afterwards she married Dr. True from the Davis, California, college, but I think she was in love with another fellow. I don't know what became of him; they were very much in love. It seemed kind of too bad.

Dr. Stubbs was a Methodist preacher, I think. In the church, I know he used to substitute once in a while. He was very nice. I took my senior theme under him. That was Ethics, an Ethics course. He used to teach one or two classes. He had a round, stubby face; "Stubbs" just fitted him. He had a kind of a stubby nose and he was very smart and very attentive to the business of the college. He was a very fine person. Mrs. Stubbs was just lovely. They had three girls and two boys; five children.

There was Miss DeLaguna. The funny thing in teaching in language at that time, they didn't converse. You just learned the grammar, that was all. I can read French,

but I can't speak a word. They didn't teach pronunciation; they just taught the grammar of it. So I studied that hard for four years, but I can't talk it at all.

Robert Brambilla was in my class. He was a little, small fellow, and they didn't think they could get him into West Point, but they pulled strings and got him in although he was under size. He was a military professor in the University of Nevada later.

Other classmates. There was Maude Wheeler Senseney; she was a year ahead of me. There was Jerome Higgins. I don't know who he was especially. There was McGill, the Congregational minister's son. There was Ed Lochman; he was very proud of graduating. He was from Reno. Susie Treadway; she was a niece of Orvis Ring. Kate Riegelhuth and Gertie Bonham. Gertie never married. I think she was a teacher in high school in California for some years. Miss Riegelhuth afterwards taught at the University of Nevada. My sister and I graduated together, you see, Amy and Alice Edmunds. I had a picture of the graduating class, but I gave it to the museum.

When I first went to the University, the regents wouldn't allow you to publish a school paper, a student paper of any kind, so we all got together, that is several of us, and published a paper anonymously. It was a little magazine about five by seven inches, and I had the first issue, number one, of that period. I gave that to Clara Beatty. They published it and nothing was done about it; nobody paid much attention, so we published it anonymously for two or three issues, and then came out in the open. I think they were afraid of criticism or something; that was the reason they wouldn't let us publish it. It was called the Student Record.

I have to tell you about graduation. There was a big of feeling between classes at that time. The '95's were the friends of

the sophomores, and the juniors would be friends of the freshman class, and so forth. We were juniors then and the senior class, the day of their class day when the gym was crowded, displayed on the platform our flag that they had told us had been burned in the dormitory fire. Well, when our boys saw it, they were boiling mad, of course, and they went up on the platform during the ceremony and grabbed that flag. One of the seniors hit one of our boys over the head with one of those iron music stands, and cut him. The authorities stopped it; it was a regular scene, and we had to apologize. The next day was commencement day, and our president, George Bliss, had to apologize. But I noticed he never said that we were sorry that we did it, or anything. He made a very nice apology—sorry that we had interfered with the pleasure of the audience, and so forth. He never said he was sorry. I guess we would have done it over again. That was a regular fight. It was awful. We girls cheered them on, too.

In those days, there was quite a bit of competition in baseball, too. Our class was good in baseball players. One of our classmates was Charlie Loder, Echo Loder, the school teacher's brother. He was a swell baseball player. He was afterwards killed on the train. He was an engineer or a fireman. He was real nice.

Other activities of the girls at the University. They had a literary club, and I remember the Walts brothers were in it, Guy Walts and Fred Walts, his brother. It would meet, I think, only once a month. It was kind of a debating society, called the Adelphi Club. It finally went under, because they got to having dances instead of the literary meeting, and the literary people kind of pulled out and left it as a social club for dancing. I can remember Guy Walts and Fred Walts were very active. They were good talkers and made

good dates, you know, and we would have a nice time. We cared more for the literary, my sister and I, than we did for the dancing.

Reno in the days I was a student there. It wasn't very large. There wasn't any way of getting around, and no transportation, no bus lines of any kind. That was before the street cars. I remember that a family out at the hospital included Helena Joy. She was a teacher in the Reno schools. Helena Joy was a friend of ours, and we walked out to the hospital and back one time, and we were exhausted. We lived on University Avenue, about four or five blocks from the University, and we walked clear out to that hospital and back. We were quite friendly at that time with some of the teachers in the public schools; Helena Joy was one of them, Echo Loder, and Maytie Snow who afterward married Professor Thurtell.

It seems to me that it was the tail end of Bishop Whitaker's school, because I can remember going to a reception at Bishop Whitaker's.

Professor Thurtell first married Persia Bishop. She was a teacher at the Bishop Whitaker school. Then she died when the baby was born. He afterward married Maytie Snow. That is how I knew them.

I remember Hannah Clapp. She was a great one. She and Miss Babcock lived together in the house that was kitty-corner from where we lived, so we knew them quite well. Miss Hannah Clapp was so jealous of Miss Babcock that she wouldn't let anybody do anything for her. One time I tried to help Miss Babcock. We were walking down from the University and came to a step or something and I tried to help her, and Hannah Clapp was so mad! She was really jealous of her. They lived together at this house on the corner for years.

Hannah Clapp was the funniest thing. The boys used to bait her so terribly. Once they

put a cat up on the bookcases in the library. She was librarian, besides teaching a little. You know, the bookcases would be high up and there would be a space above them. The boys put a cat up there. Of course, the cat would look down and howl and Hannah Clapp would glare at it. They had the worst time, and Hannah didn't know what to do about it.

She was an old, mannish-looking person. She had big pop-eyes. If she liked you, she liked you, but she was very mannish in her ways. Miss Babcock was a regular little lady; the kindergarten was named after her, the Babcock Kindergarten. Hannah Clapp was a very strict librarian, but the boys wouldn't pay much attention to her. They would make fun of her.

Miss Clapp is the one that built the fence around the capitol. She was the contractor and she supervised it. She looked at every piece of material that went into the fence, I guess. It will never come down unless it is just simply mashed down. It was a wonderful job.

The University didn't have much of a library then. I believe it was in Stewart Hall then. The upstairs was classrooms and clear up was dormitory for girls, you see.

When we graduated, it was the custom then for the graduating class to give a gift to the University, so we gave a brick steppingstone to enter the main building, where the bell is. It had "97" on it. They said we put it where everybody could walk on it. It was a regular mess before we had it fixed with brick and kind of a slab. Then the next class built the gates of the University at the head of University Avenue.

I don't remember much of the traditions. We were afraid the University didn't have spirit enough. It seemed to be lagging, so we changed the colors of the University from silver and blue to red and yellow. That was my sheepskin; red and yellow. For a while

that was to excite everybody and make them have more spirit. For several years, it was red and yellow. Then they changed it back to silver and blue that really represented the state more. They got so many students then, I suppose, that they didn't mind if they didn't have much spirit.

John Evans was one of our classmates. Martin Feeney was another; he was a Virginia City boy. Ed Lochman, George Bliss, Kate Riegelhuth, Gertie Bonham. I can remember Pauline Fife, who became a missionary for the Seventh Day Adventists. She was a member of our class, though she didn't graduate. Pauline Fife was a Seventh Day Adventist and went afterward to Seventh Day Adventist school and was a missionary. She was a wonderful girl, really. We used to sit on the lawn and study and talk. She said to me one time, "You know, I thought those same thoughts over. I thought those same thoughts he had." She was talking about Emerson. That was really true, she had, I guess. She said, "I thought of those things myself." We would sit on the lawn and talk and we used to josh a lot. Pauline Fife was not one of the old Fife family that lived outside of Reno. Her people had big farms or something toward the eastern part of the state. She was really very fine. I never heard afterwards what happened to her.

MY TEACHING CAREER

My first real teaching was at Washoe City, where I met my husband the first time. I remember one incident of my teaching was that this girl, she was from a poor family, was very bright and sweet and pretty and lovely. She wanted to go to college and I wanted her to go and so I made arrangements for her to stay with my sister, Mrs. Marion Cahlan in Reno. Mrs. Cahlan had a little baby, and she and her husband liked to go out. So they thought it would be very nice to have a babysitter, because this girl would stay home and study, you know, would be with the baby. She went down there, and she hadn't been there more than a month or two when she died of typhoid. I always blamed myself. If I hadn't had her go there, she would have been alive today, maybe. I always felt terribly about it. I wasn't to blame because no one had typhoid besides her; no one in Reno or in her family at Washoe or anywhere had typhoid. She was the only one. She died, and it sort of put a shadow over my first year of teaching. I felt responsible. She was a lovely girl. They are the Jackson people that run the newspaper in Sparks.

I remember one little kid in my school; I was trying to get over the impression of what it is to sleep, how you kind of lose consciousness. I was trying to get that over, and I said, "What do you do when you go to sleep?" Well, you shut your eyes. "Then what do you do?" Well, you lie down, and things like that, they would answer. "What else do you do?"—trying to get the idea that your brain was quiet and you lost consciousness. The little fellow spoke up and said, "Make a noise; that is what you do when you sleep."

That first year that I taught, being a kindergarten teacher, I had ideas of folding things in paper and decorating. We made the decorations around the ceiling of the schoolhouse. It was very pretty, but they told me years afterwards that the painters that redid the schoolhouse just blasted me because we pasted those things securely, and they had to scrub them all off. The school was down at Washoe City. It was where that antique shop is now.

I told the kids that we planted trees for Arbor Day. So I got Will, my husband, to get

a nice tree with the roots and everything, and we dug a place for the tree and planted it on Arbor Day. I told them, "Now when we drink water"—there was no water of any kind at this schoolhouse; they had to carry it from one of the wells, you see, across the road there—"every time you drink water, just throw the spare water on the tree." So it grew and grew until it nearly grew against the porch. I wasn't smart enough to know it would grow so terribly big, so it pretty nearly overcame the schoolhouse. The children didn't mind going for water because they were going to use it on the tree anyway. They were quite nice about carrying water to the schoolhouse over from this well. There were no facilities, you see, just privies outside.

Then one time we had a watermelon feed or something or other, so I said, "Now, we're going to be good citizens. We have to clean up after the watermelon feed, and we are going to bury it." The next day I brought a shovel and we dug and dug and we buried the watermelon rind. We had quite a nice picnic.

Those were the days of the Oz books. When they first came out, how popular they were! I used to read them for an opening of the school at one o'clock; maybe for ten minutes, I would read. It got the children very interested. This little Italian family had never read a book, hardly. So they were very interested in it, and at recess time, they used to build the Land of Oz around in the yard with blue stone. They would all bring blue stone or pieces of glass or something to make the Land of Oz. They made the road of yellow bricks. Everybody would bring some yellow glass or yellow china or something, you know. And that kept them busy. They surveyed quite a little. They learned quite a little of following directions and laying out the ground for their Land of Oz. We had quite a nice time of that.

I taught in the valley two years after I graduated from the University. At that time, I first met my husband. They had no social life, especially, except dances once in a while for the young people, and then we went to those dances, of course. There was a dance hall at the Dall place and then there was a floor, a dance hall kind of, above the store at Washoe. For the different dances, especially election years, the Republicans and Democrats would give a dance and we would all go. The women around would furnish the refreshments. I boarded at one place where they didn't do anything special, a job, I mean. They always took a teacher to board. I got sixty dollars a month and paid twenty dollars to board.

I taught two years there and I taught another year in North Truckee and we moved to Butte, Montana, and I taught six years there. That was ten years in all that I taught before I was married.

Students in the Washoe City schools. Well, it was an ungraded school. There was one family, the Jackson family, that were very bright; there were twelve or fourteen in the school. They were just little kids, you know. The Jackson family were very bright. They afterwards moved to Sparks and Joe became a newspaper owner there in Sparks. They were good students.

Then I came back and taught again at Washoe, after I was married. I helped put my children through school in town. You see, there was no higher education here in the valley, so I took my girls for two years to Carson for the school term, and about four years we moved to Reno, back and forth. We were on the ranch some of the time, of course, and when it was school time, we moved into town. My husband and I regretted separating that way; because the children came out so nicely, it was worthwhile.

School at North Truckee. That was a very nice school. Most of the children were very nice, but there was one girl that used to come to school tardy every morning. I told her that she had to get there because I couldn't put her down "present" if she wasn't, and it was making my record book look terrible. She would have to come on time. It didn't have any effect on her; she would mosey along and come when she felt like it. Finally, I went to her mother and the mother said, "Well, she has to do the dishes before she goes; that is all there is to it." She wouldn't do anything about it. After my complaint, however, the girl kind of picked up and came more regularly.

There was one girl; I have forgotten her name, but the mother had died. There were about four children, and I was quite perturbed and was very good to the kids, I guess. This girl married a professor at the University afterwards, and she always told my girls how lovely I was, just because I was sympathetic with them.

Then the Van Meters were some of my students, and one of the Van Meters, I believe, is in Reno, a fireman.

There were several that amounted to something, it seems. Afterwards, there was one boy who used to come on horseback every morning. He used to tear in with that horse, and I used to tell him about abusing animals. Later he had a business in Carson City, and he used to tease me about how I corrected him about racing that horse. Here he was a grown man; he remembered how I had scolded him.

I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shields when I taught at North Truckee. The Shields family were well known. Mrs. Shields was very good to me, and Mr. Shields was quite prominent. They had three young people; the two girls used to drive into Reno and pretend to go to college; they didn't do much. The boy afterward became an engineer on the railroad.

The neighbors around the Shields'. It was not a community like Washoe. They were more separated. There were ranches around, you see, and it was hardly in walking distance of some of the neighbors.

I can't think of the name of the teacher, but they elected me because the old teacher that they were very fond of was retiring, so I got the school. Next year, the old teacher decided that she wanted to come back. I couldn't wait around until they made the election, or choice, so I went up to Montana to visit my folks, before they had selected a teacher. They took the old teacher back. She afterwards went insane, she lost her mind while she was teaching there, I believe. So it wasn't such a good idea to get the old teacher back. I was very happy that I didn't wait because I hadn't been in Butte but a few weeks when I was offered a school right in the city schools there, and that was much better. Of course, my folks were there.

Life in Butte at that time. It was just fine, it was just enjoyable. Butte was like Virginia City. There were a great many Virginia City people there. All you had to do up there was to say you were from Virginia City and you could get a job in something or other, whatever you could do.

We belonged to the church there and we had such good times. We would play duplicate whist, I remember, so often. Duplicate whist, you know, you keep on playing until you really see which one was the best. Then we had a reading class there and the minister was a very fine instructor, teacher. So we studied Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, and Emerson, and Carlyle and George Eliot. He put out a pamphlet, with instructions on how to study. Then he would have a regular meeting once a week and we would get all excited talking about it. He was very good. He could draw you out and not do too much talking himself. It was

very stimulating. It dealt with life, of course, the problems that the subject would present. So we enjoyed that very much.

Other Virginia City people who were in Butte at that time. There was one man who had a grocery store in Virginia City and he started one in Butte. He was a great friend of Papa's and he was very nice. He was a fine man, but he over-worked and died of appendicitis, left the family, four children. His name was Will Hayes. We were quite upset when he died.

Then there was another, I think his name was Ryan, that lived in the flat below us. We lived in a double house and we were upstairs and they were downstairs. They were old Virginia people; that was not Dave Ryan, but I remember Dave Ryan in Virginia City. He was quite a beau. Of course, I was too young to be interested in him, but he was a very fine fellow. I think he was an accountant, office man of some kind. There were very many Virginia people in Butte.

I will tell about some of the students and events when I taught the second time. One little girl and my daughter Myra were going to school to me then; I suppose in about seventh grade. They decided to have a student paper, so they wrote little articles and they made this little booklet, very nice. This girl afterward married a minister in Berkeley. He was up speaking at the baccalaureate address at the University one year and I saw her then, after she was married.

Then my youngest girl, Alice, went to school to me, and she and a little boy, the brother of this minister's wife, made a booklet on sheep. "Wool" was the name of the booklet. They sent every place for pamphlets on wool and manufacturing and everything. They made the cutest little booklet. We all had a few sheep. They cut the wool off the sheep, and they did what the booklet said. They

would soak it and clean it, and they would sort of comb it as best they could and they followed directions. Of course, they couldn't do it like a factory. Then finally, they got it into yarn. They pasted a piece of yarn in, and then they wove. That was the way the cloth was. They were very proud of their little booklet. They learned, of course, a lot about wool manufacture. I can remember those two children working so hard, and the children working so hard on the newspaper.

The Italian family. They were a large family; the family that runs the Club Jubilee now, Pagni. They seem to have thought a great deal of me because they were very proud that I was their teacher. One time we stopped in to have a little glass of something, because it was so hot one day. Somebody was in there, and they introduced me as their former teacher. They were so proud, and I was happy, too. There were four or five of those children. They didn't seem to fight. They seemed to have lots of fun. Sometimes at noon time they all brought their lunch, because they were far away. At noon time, I would say, "Now we will eat right away and then we will walk down below Washoe there, and collect violets; the little wild violets grow there." So the school would walk down at noon. We would eat quickly and we would go down there to pick violets. I can remember that. They didn't seem to have trouble. One of the older Pagni boys came up to school to bring the other boys home and he was starting something, so I told his father (he was one of the trustees, Pagni was) not to send that boy here again for the children. I said, "He makes trouble and I won't have it." So he came himself lots of times, to get the kids, but he never did send that boy. It would have been troublesome if I had let it go on.

One time we had a little Christmas party, a play, and what do you suppose we played? "The Other Wise Man." We would get long

sheets of paper from the stores, wrapping paper, and then the children would draw on this paper, the camels and all the desert. And we would have another scene of something else, and another scene. They were up behind the platform, you see, and when there was a scene change, they would just tear off that scene and have another scene.

I want to tell briefly the story of "The Other Wise Man." There were four of them started out, instead of three, you see, and the fourth one had a beautiful jewel to give to the baby Jesus. A jewel and some money and something else. On the way, he was late and the other fellows were waiting for him and he came along and found somebody that needed the money worse than he thought the baby did, so he gave him his money. Then he came across somebody who was sick or something, and he gave away the jewel. He gave away all the things he had for the little baby Jesus. When he got there, the other people had gone, and that wise man never landed at the manger. We carried it out real well, I think. It was kind of simple to do, the background, so we enjoyed it very much.

The school board for this school. You weren't allowed to have more than one relative on the school board. You couldn't have two, which would be a majority, so you only had one. Frank Sauer was one trustee, William Clawson was another (that is the father of the Clawson who is a minister in Reno; he was a wonderful man). The other was Atilio Pagni (he is dead now), the father.

They were very cooperative, very nice. They did not run to be elected, they were appointed, I think. I think they just let it slide, the people. Mr. Burr was the superintendent of our district from Carson. When I first taught, I taught there and came back and taught afterwards another year when the girls were in college. That was during the depression of

the '30's, and we weren't doing well on the ranch. So I got the school at Washoe and put the twins through college.

I remember one night I was so sick over it because Alice, my youngest daughter, was to be in the play in her senior year in high school, and I had the school exercises that year the same night. Alice said, "Can't you change it, Mama, and come in?" I couldn't change it because the Franktown school had theirs that night, and there just wasn't time for me to do it.

"I have got to stick to the school, and I can't come in." I was sick because I couldn't come and see Alice in her final school play.

At the exercises that night, there were a few roughnecks from Virginia City came down. I don't know whether they knew the time or what, but they came down and got to throwing orange peels around the schoolhouse. I didn't have any trouble because the trustees got up and squelched it, told them to either behave like guests or get out. So the trustees kind of took it over. That was the only time that I ever had any trouble. It was real nice of the trustees to just step in and say, "We don't tolerate anything like that. You are our guests and if you can't behave, just get out."

MY FAMILY

My family. They kind of speak for themselves. I hate to brag about the children. We had four girls; that was a great trick to play on a farmer. All four girls have been wonderful people. They fill responsible jobs. Jean Fry, Jean is one of the twins, she married Leslie Fry, who is now the National Commander of the VFW. So you see, that is quite a big position for her. They always josh Jean and tell her that she will be Mrs. Commander, just for fun. She is that kind, she likes that sort of thing, and she is happy and willing to do anything he wants her to do. She goes places with him and they expect to travel a great deal this year if she can get somebody to housekeep for her children.

We have fourteen grandchildren, seven boys and seven girls, and four great-grandchildren. There has not been a black sheep yet. I don't want to brag, but it is because they are happy and take good care of their families.

I know whenever they are visiting, they have to get home by the time the children are home from school. It wouldn't do for the

youngsters to get home and not find anybody there.

Myra is the other twin, you see, Jean's twin, Jean and Myra. Gertrude was the oldest of the bunch. She is now working in the University of California, the medical center. She is not a nurse, she is with Dr. Gordon, and he is the cancer specialist. She works there. Her husband, Frank Leary, is the captain of a ship, so he is away so much that she got the job there to occupy her time. She has made so good at it that they don't want to let her go.

Then the twins. Myra is working. Her job is in the public schools in Denver, in special education. They send all the delinquent children to her and she takes over that end of it. She told me one time that she talked a young kid down from the top of a building; he was going to throw himself over. She said she talked him down, but she said, "I was a wreck when I got home." She managed to get him off the roof and down to school again. That is Jean and Myra and Gertrude.

Then Alice won the gold medal at the University. She is the youngest one. She has

had two boys and two girls. They are all a remarkable family. That is my one hope in the world is that there isn't one of our grandchildren that have turned out badly. If that is true of my family, it must be true of plenty of others. There is no use in thinking I am the superior one because there must be plenty of others that have the same record. That is one hope in the generation these days.

I have enjoyed my life around here. I have enjoyed the grandchildren; they have been so superior in some way. One of the Lohse girls, Kim, was the outstanding girl in the high school. She was president of the Girls' State, and she was sent back to Washington, D. C., for the Girls' Nation. She was head of her Rainbow. She has done so much and we are so proud of her. She was appointed the outstanding girl graduate and our nephew was the outstanding boy graduate, so we kept it all in the family. They remarked that it was funny that the boy and girl were of the same family. That was Will's nephew.

My husband's other nephew is a scientist down at Stanford University. He was head of the physics department in Cornell and he had a fellowship over in Germany and studied in Germany, so he is quite a scientist. He was nominated for one of the outstanding graduates of the University of Nevada, two or three years ago. His name is Dr. Lloyd P. Smith. Of course, he has won many honors and works with the government, too, besides his job at Stanford. It is a nice family. As I say, I can't think that we are the only ones who have a good family, because I know there are plenty of others. So that is my hope in the world, that they aren't all bad. You do get discouraged, though, when you read so much of the awful things that happen; a boy killing his mother, and all of that. It is kind of depressing.

I am a happy person, and of course, I have had a very happy married life. We have always

enjoyed being together and enjoyed all of the things the children wanted to do. We lived next to Bowers Mansion most of my married life and the people at Bowers were wonderful. They just let us go into the pond as though we belonged to the family, you know, and we enjoyed living there so much. Our children learned to swim almost before they could walk, but I can't swim at all. They all enjoyed it. We had very nice times at Bowers. When I had girls helping me with the housework, they would ask, could they take the twins over to Bowers on Sunday? I would say, "Yes, if you want to wash and iron the clothes." So she would doll them all up and take them over to Bowers for the afternoon, and they would have a wonderful time. So that really, they had more of a good time than most ranchers' children do, because we lived right next door to Bowers and went swimming. We would go to the dances and look on, although we didn't dance. They had open-air dances then, and we would sit and watch them until eleven o'clock or so.

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